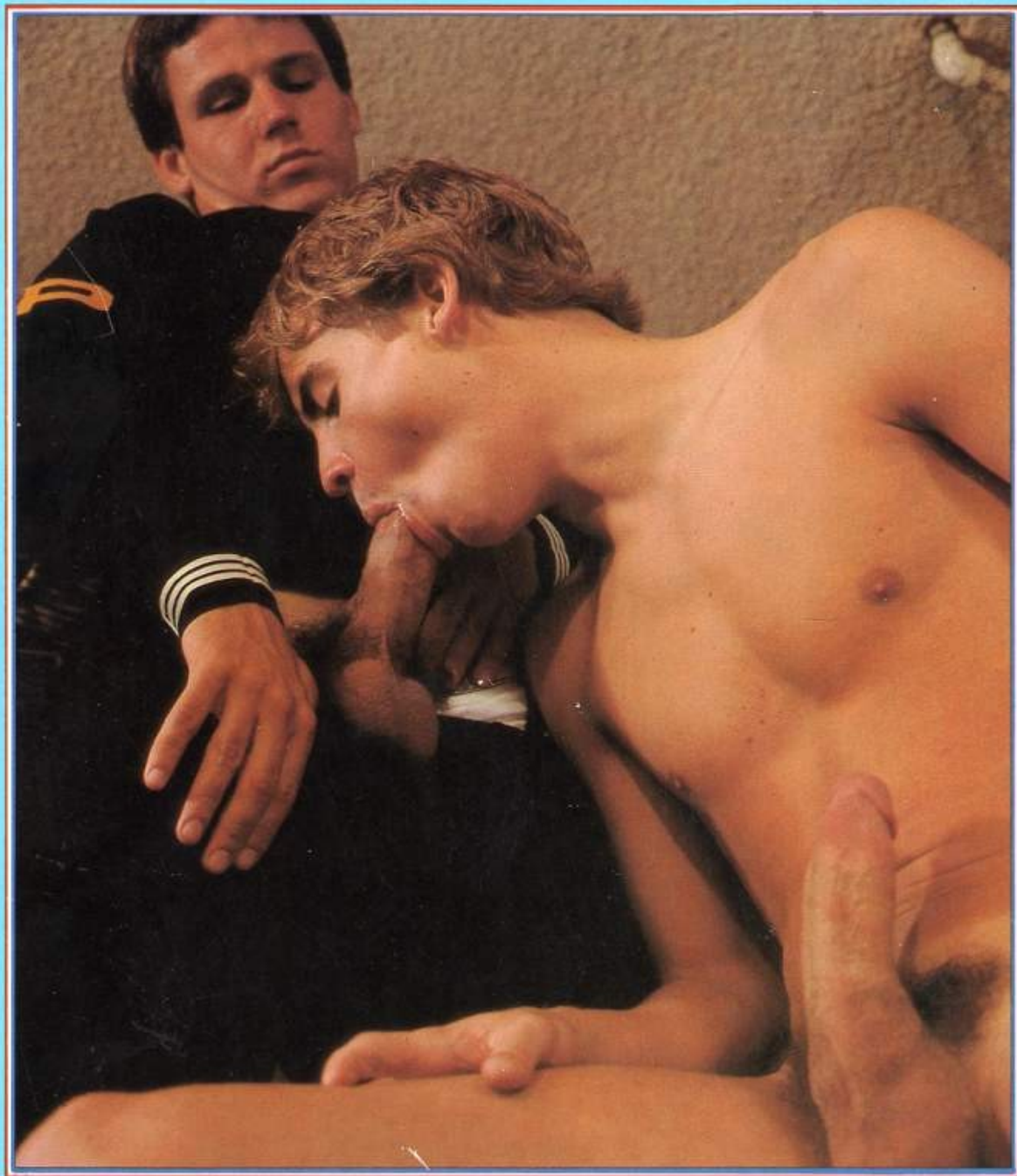


Adult Entertainment \$15⁰⁰

California Liberty



Brian Thompson & Cory Adams

Excerpts from the William Higgins film "Sailor in the Wild"

32 pages All Color



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Young Cory Adams figured he was in for it when he was the one caught with the joint in his hands and summoned into the shore patrolmen's shack to face the music. "Fuck," he grumbled as he grudgingly made his way towards the clapboard structure later that night. He wondered, why him. Always him. God must have some score to settle. He'd go, goddamit, but he'd take his time getting there.

After all, he figured, there were at least three other guys getting high with him when shore patrolman Brian Thompson walked in on their impromptu pot party in the barracks. But no, it was Cory who had to be caught red-handed with the evidence in his fingers and Cory who had to face god-knows-what from a son-of-a-bitch everybody dreaded from sunup to sundown. He shook his head. Why me? The only thing that kept him going was his buddies' reassurance that not much could really happen to him for such a minor infraction and the faith that it was all designed by some force he'd never understand to make him a stronger human being.

As he neared the shore patrol office, he decided he could take whatever the S.O.B. dished out to him. If he was to be the sacrificial lamb, so be it. He was man enough to take anything thrown his way!

By the time he got his hand on the doorknob he had decided once and for all he wasn't cut out to be the sacrificial lamb after all. Circumstances just always seemed to thrust him into that position. For a single coherent moment his mind did zero in on the strange coincidence that patrolman Thompson always seemed to single him out among the rest to take the blame. This wasn't the first time. And he was certain this would not be the last. A hundred thoughts raced through his mind. Maybe Thompson just didn't like his looks.

As much as he hated to admit it as he slowly turned the knob on that door, he did like Thompson's looks. The guy may have been the bad guy in the regiment, but he was a real stud. Even wearing his uniform and scowl. Cory'd seen him

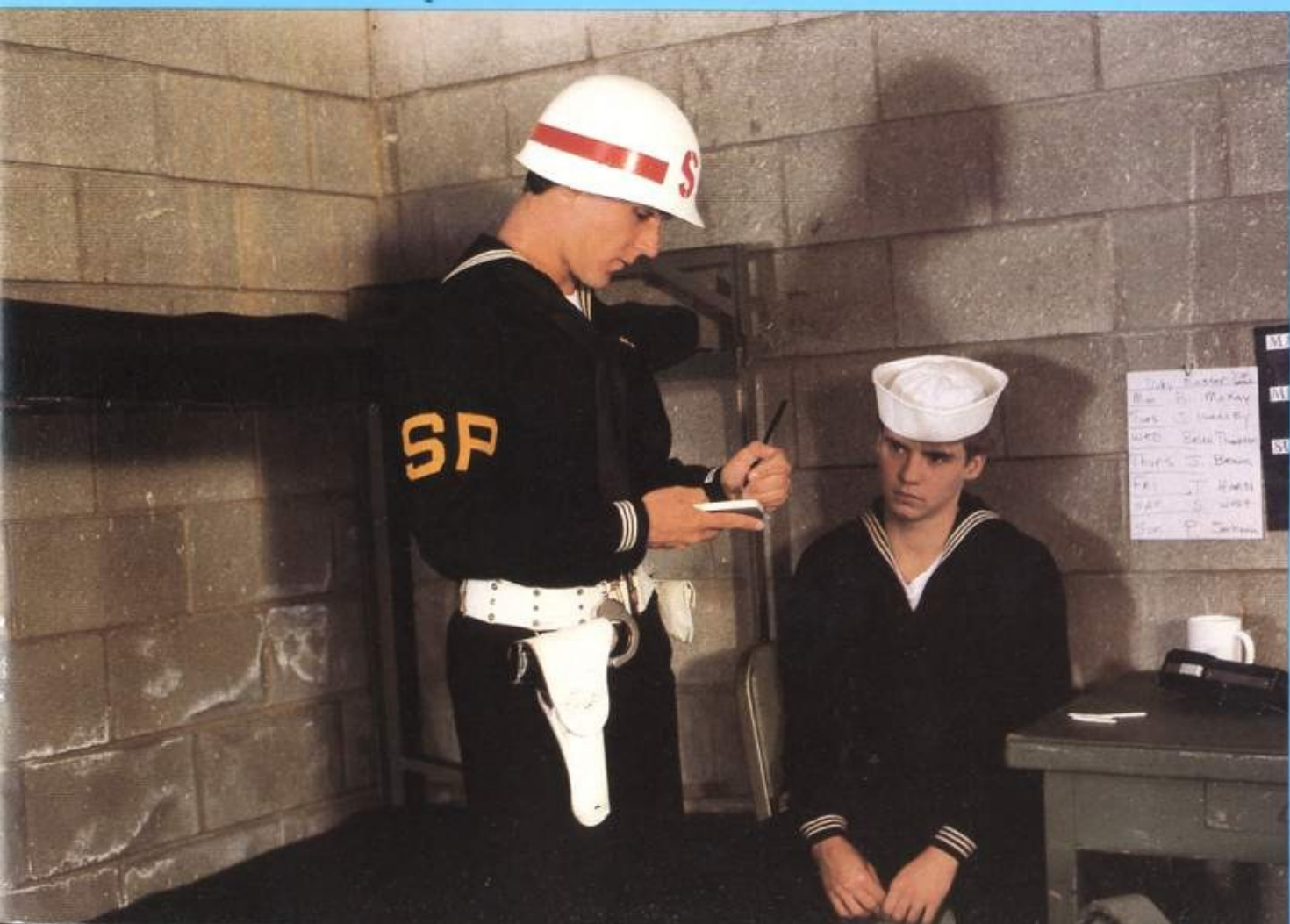
other times when he wasn't being called on the carpet—when Thompson was just another guy like himself. Off-duty and off-limits. Tanned where it seemed a guy ought not to be, smooth-bodied where it flattered the most, hard-muscled where it seemed to matter the most. A full pouch even on the athletic field with his fellow discipline-deliverers. It didn't seem typical and yet it seemed right.

Nevertheless, before he knew it, Cory was standing at attention before Brian Thompson's desk. For the longest time, the patrolman did not look up from his daily reports. Then, at last, his eyes began to move from the page before him, up to Cory's own full crotch and upward, slowly, very slowly, over his 18-year-old body, to his innocent-yet-guilty eyes. Ever seen an angel in trouble?

For Thompson it was one helluva rough eye trip. He'd been waiting for this moment for a long time. Longing for the chance to get the patrolmen's office to himself for a night and to get this young naval recruit before him and at his mercy! He'd secretly lusted after this wide-eyed 18-year-old ever since he'd first laid eyes on him. And finally the time was here!

The patrolman studied the recruit for what seemed to Cory to be an inordinantly long time and finally spoke. "Adams, you're paying..." The muscular patrolman slowly got up from the desk and walked around behind the scared recruit. "I know you weren't in this alone. But I gotta nail somebody. And you're it!" Cory shivered and Thompson noticed. "Oh, don't sweat it, Adams... I gotta make an example outta somebody... the other recruits expect it... I know everybody gets high... so do I..." At this Cory started to relax slightly, but Thompson caught it and snapped him back to attention.

"What goes on here, in these four walls, tonight, is gonna stay strictly between you and me... you got that, Adams?" Cory replied "Yes sir!" Thompson was checking out the way the ripe young recruit's trousers hugged his ass. Cory didn't know what was going on behind his back, but he felt eyes on him.











"You're gonna serve as an example to the others... in other words, you're the sacrificial lamb." That sounded familiar, Cory thought. "But just between you and me, we're gonna have ourselves a little party—without your pot-smoking cronies..." Cory didn't know what to make of it all. "Yeah," Thompson said as he checked out the young kid's ass, "we're gonna have ourselves one helluva little party... and nobody's ever gonna know—except you and me—you got that, Adams?" Cory replied obediently, "Yessir!"

Then Thompson whipped out a pair of handcuffs, Cory knew the sound. His shaking intensified. "I want you to take off your uniform, Adams..." Cory tried not to react. "All of it... every stitch of it, including the shorts," Thompson went on, "and I want you to do it now!" With that, Cory began taking it off. All of it. Soon he was buck-assed naked, still standing at attention. And that suited Thompson just fine. Now he was really studying the virgin recruit's baby-smooth asscheeks. And he liked what he saw.

"Now I could put these handcuffs on you, Adams... but I'm not... I'm gonna put 'em around by big dick... stretch the mother-fucker out just for you..." Cory shifted slightly. "At attention, Adams!" Cory stiffened. What he didn't know was that behind him, in Thompson's trousers, something else was stiffening too. Slowly, without a sound, Thompson began to strip down to nothing, exposing a body most men long for. Hard where it ought to be. All over.

Meanwhile, the stud patrolman stayed behind the shivering recruit, studying his body all the while, savoring every inch of it. He'd waited long and hard for this night, and he was in no fucking hurry to get on with it. This kid was in for it and was going to get every inch of it!

Cory then heard the patrolman doing something with the handcuffs. But he didn't know what. What he was doing was putting them around his man-dick like a damned cockring,

just like he said, stretching the manflesh out to the limits. Making the thing look like a fucking weapon. And it was formidable to say the least.

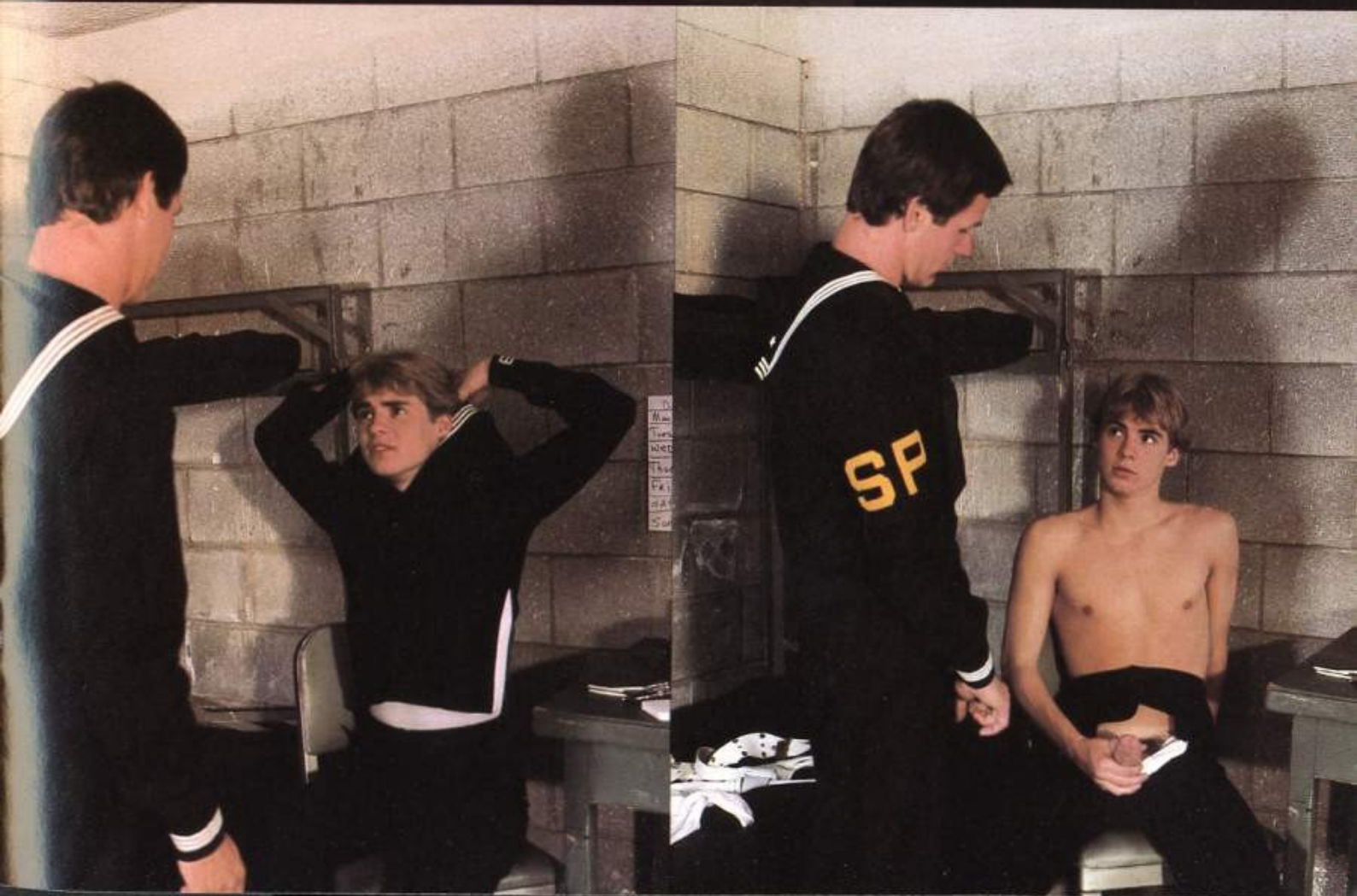
Finally Thompson moved slowly, deliberately, in front of the young recruit. Cory could see, but dared not look. He could tell, though, that something was up. His mind focussed for one split second on sex, but he dismissed it quickly. With an officer? Naw, he figured. But then, as the now-hard stud with the hot-as-hell body and the handcuffed dick stood before him, what else could it be? He may have been green, but he wasn't dumb. A slight smile escaped his lips. He couldn't help it. But naturally Thompson caught it. "Adams," he bellowed, "down on the dick!"

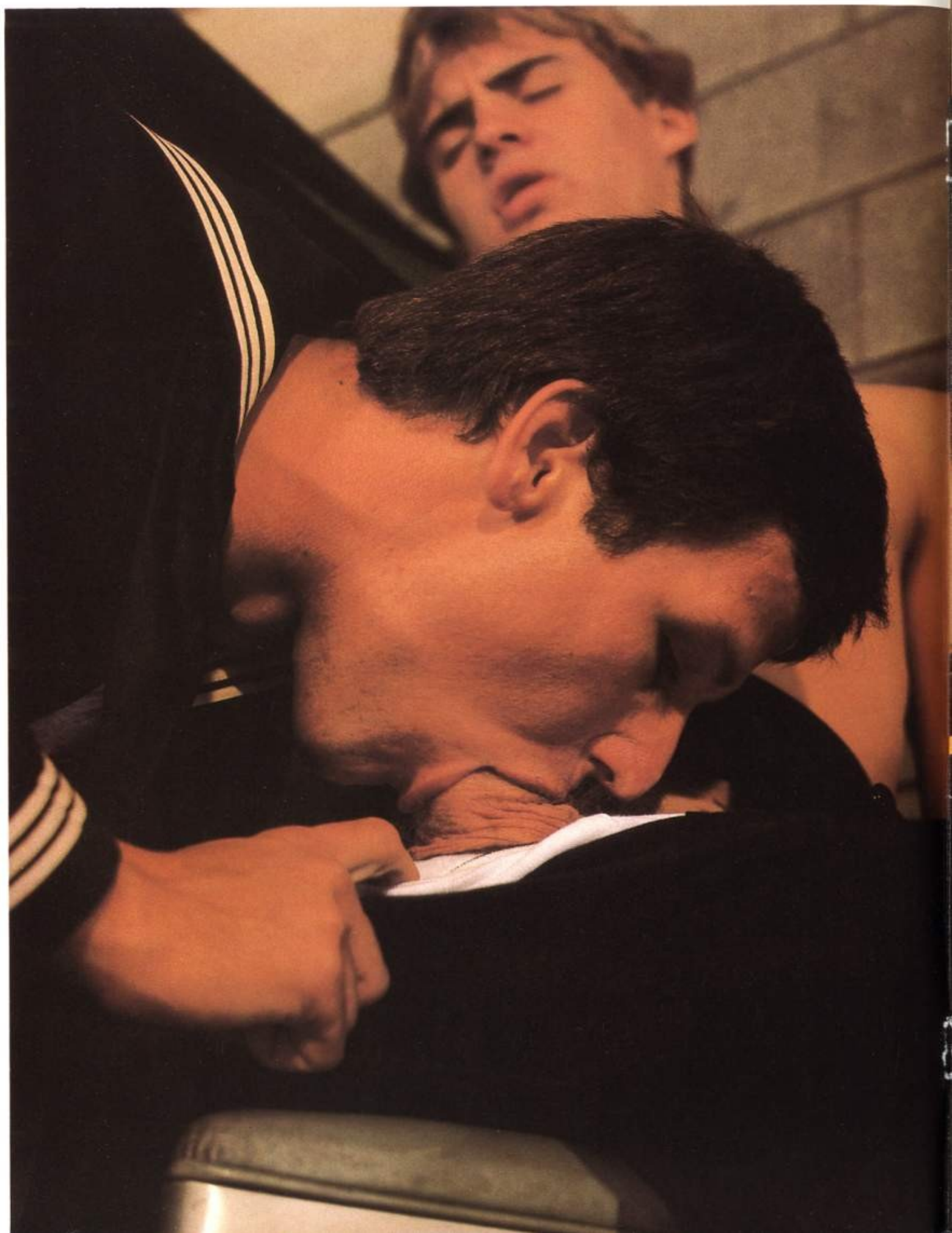
For a moment Cory hesitated. But he wanted it as much as his commanding officer. He dropped to his knees and took the officer's stiff dick in his hot young mouth. At first it was tonguing, but pretty soon the entire length of the patrolman's rockhard dick was stabbing Cory's throat, pulling out and then attacking once again. At first slowly and then faster. Rapidly enough to make the kid's eyes water and his throat gag—more than once. But the officer was unrelenting and the young recruit took it.

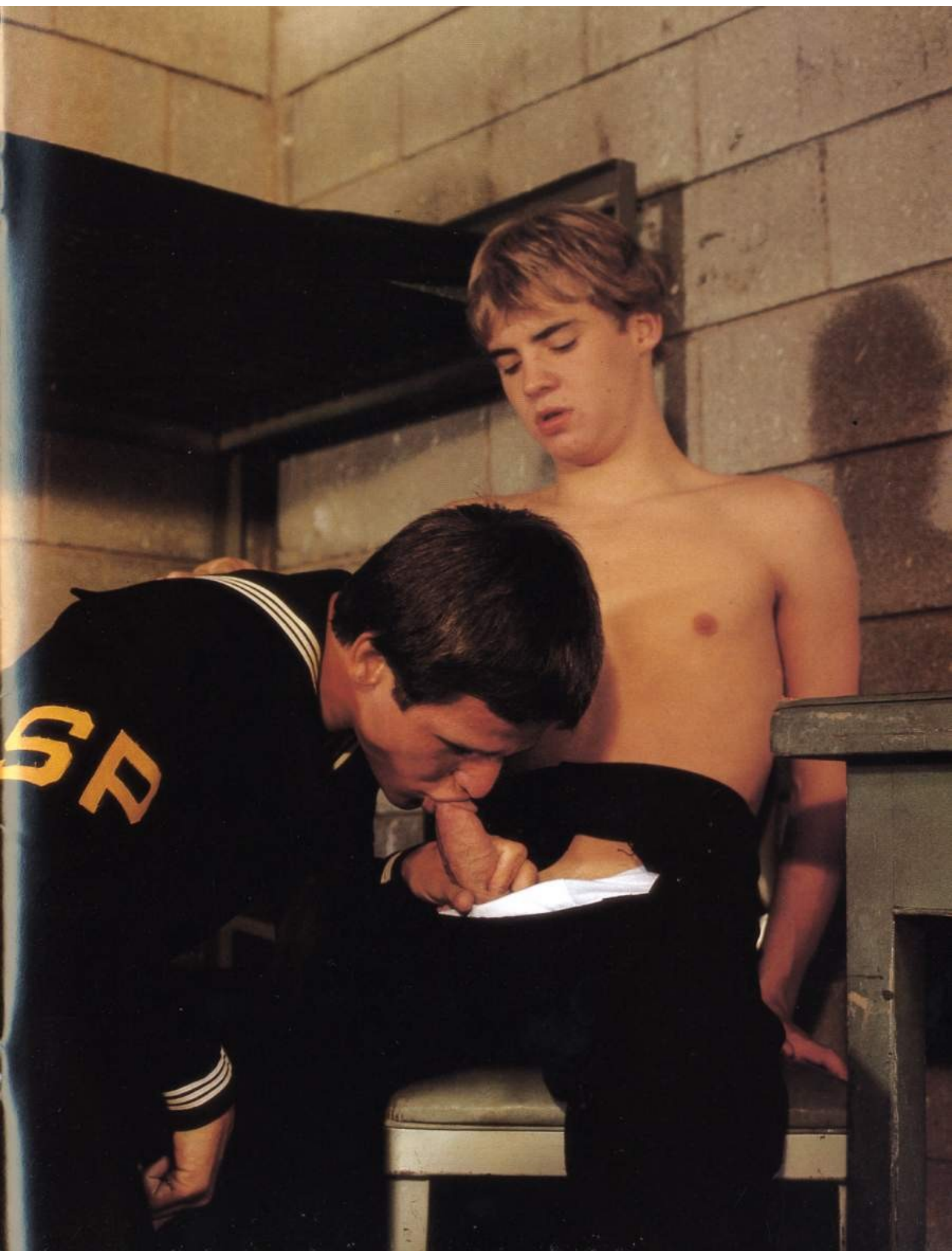
Finally Thompson relaxed and broke ranks. He sucked the kid for awhile, and then told Cory to stand up and take it. Cory knew what that meant. The stud maneuvered behind the youth's perfectly-smooth, quivering butt. "Get that leg up on that chair!" Thompson bellowed, and the young recruit obeyed. The man moved in behind him as Cory hiked one leg up on the desk chair and bent over. The patrolman spit on his dick and pried the kid's cheeks apart. Cory took a deep breath and braced for the attack.

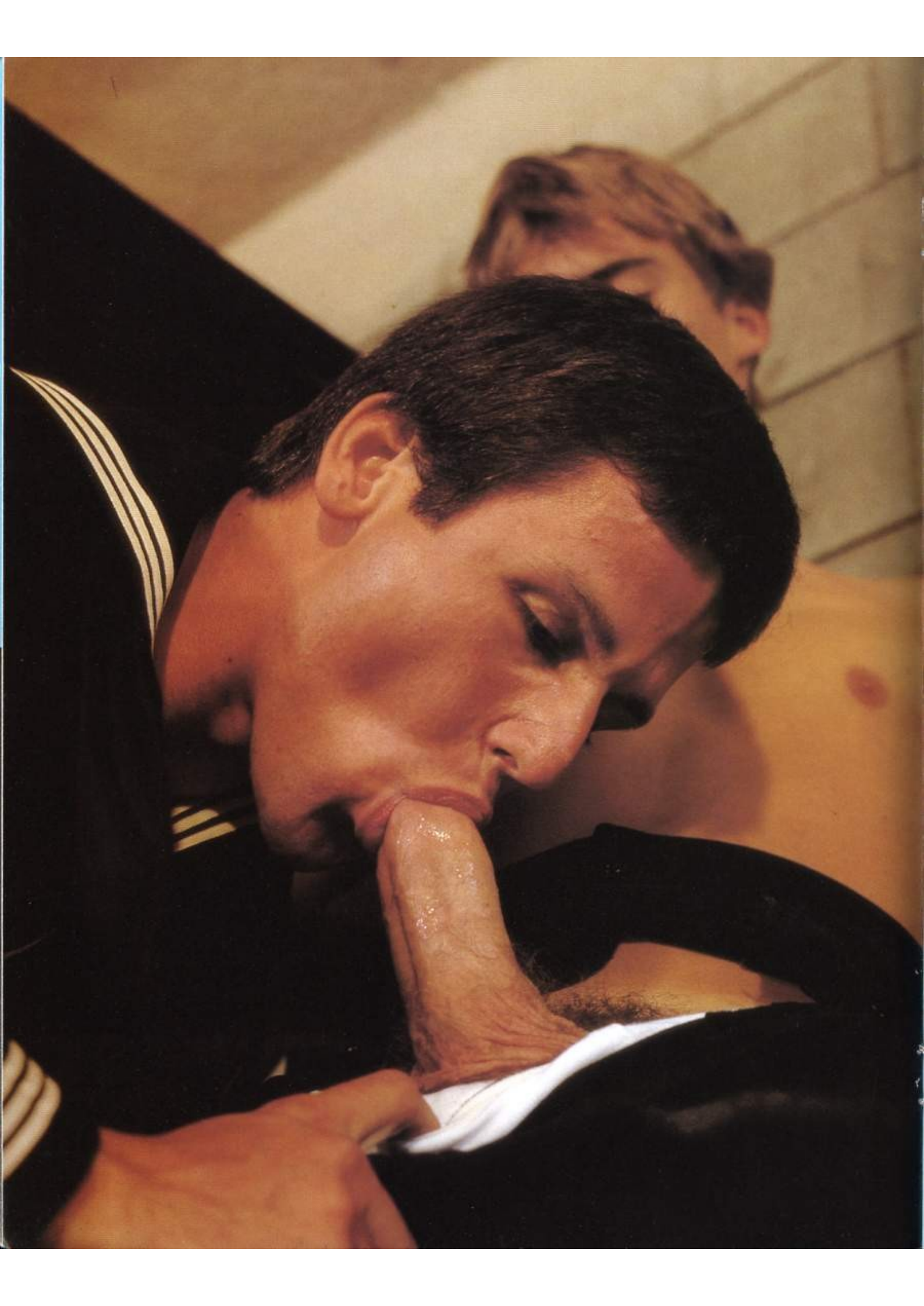
Now the officer became the fuck-buddy. His big cockhead was knocking at Cory's backdoor, and Cory relaxed and let it in. All eight inches of it. If this was what being called on the carpet was, Cory thought, let him be rug-whipped plenty!














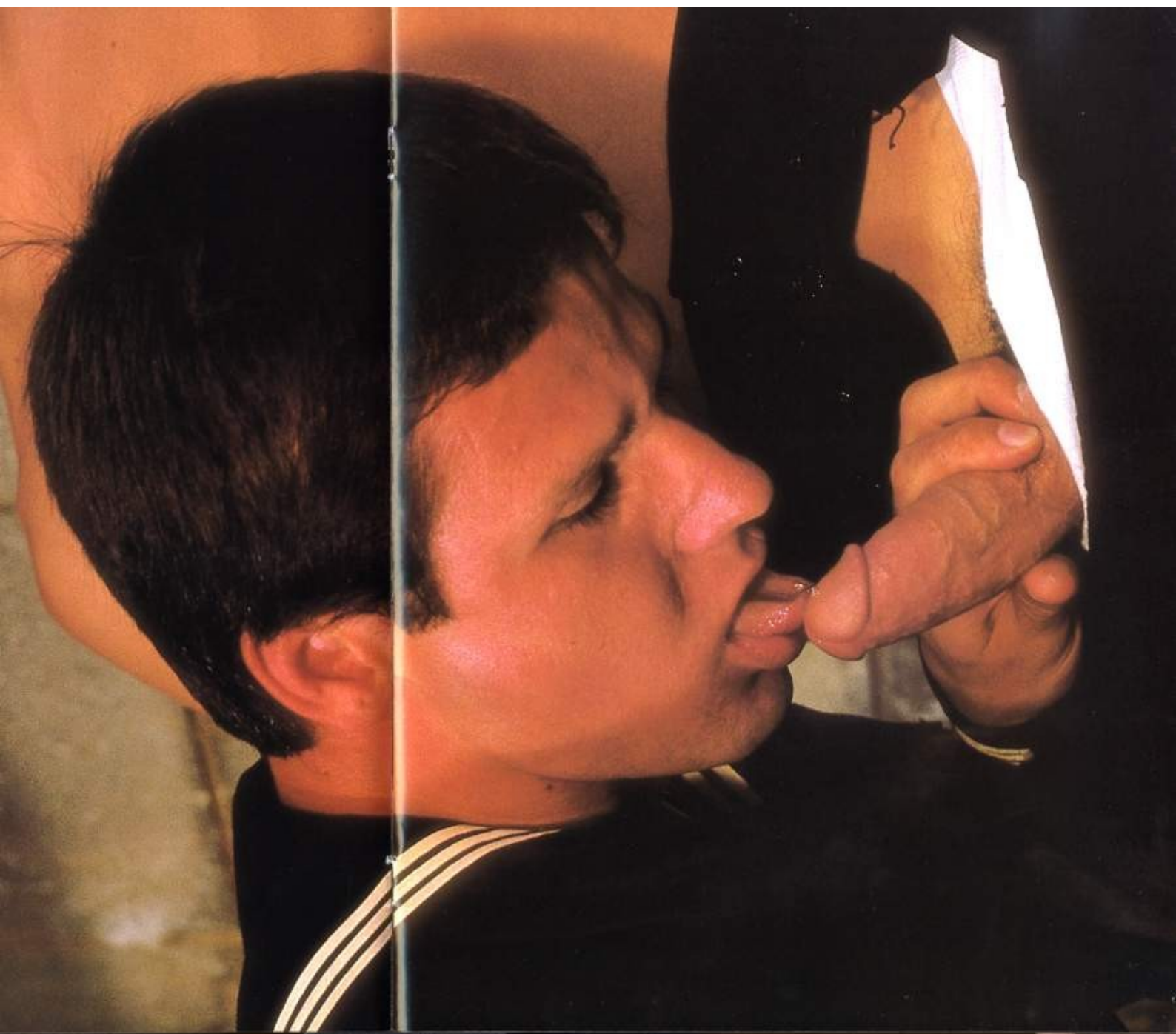
The big man's dick began to pump. At one point Cory's foot slipped off the chair and the patrolman was so into it he didn't care. He didn't stop either. The anal attack continued for more than a quarter hour. Until at last Thompson maneuvered the kid around and onto the floor, on his back, where the heavy-duty fucking continued without letup.

When his commanding officer was ready, he pulled out and stood up. The cum flew out of his dick, past the hand that whipped it, and down onto the young recruit. Cory came too, but it didn't much matter. What mattered, of course, was that he'd taken his punishment like a man. Without complaint and totally willing... It would happen many more times before Cory was out of basic, and he'd remember those times as some of the best times of his life!



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Thurs J. Brown
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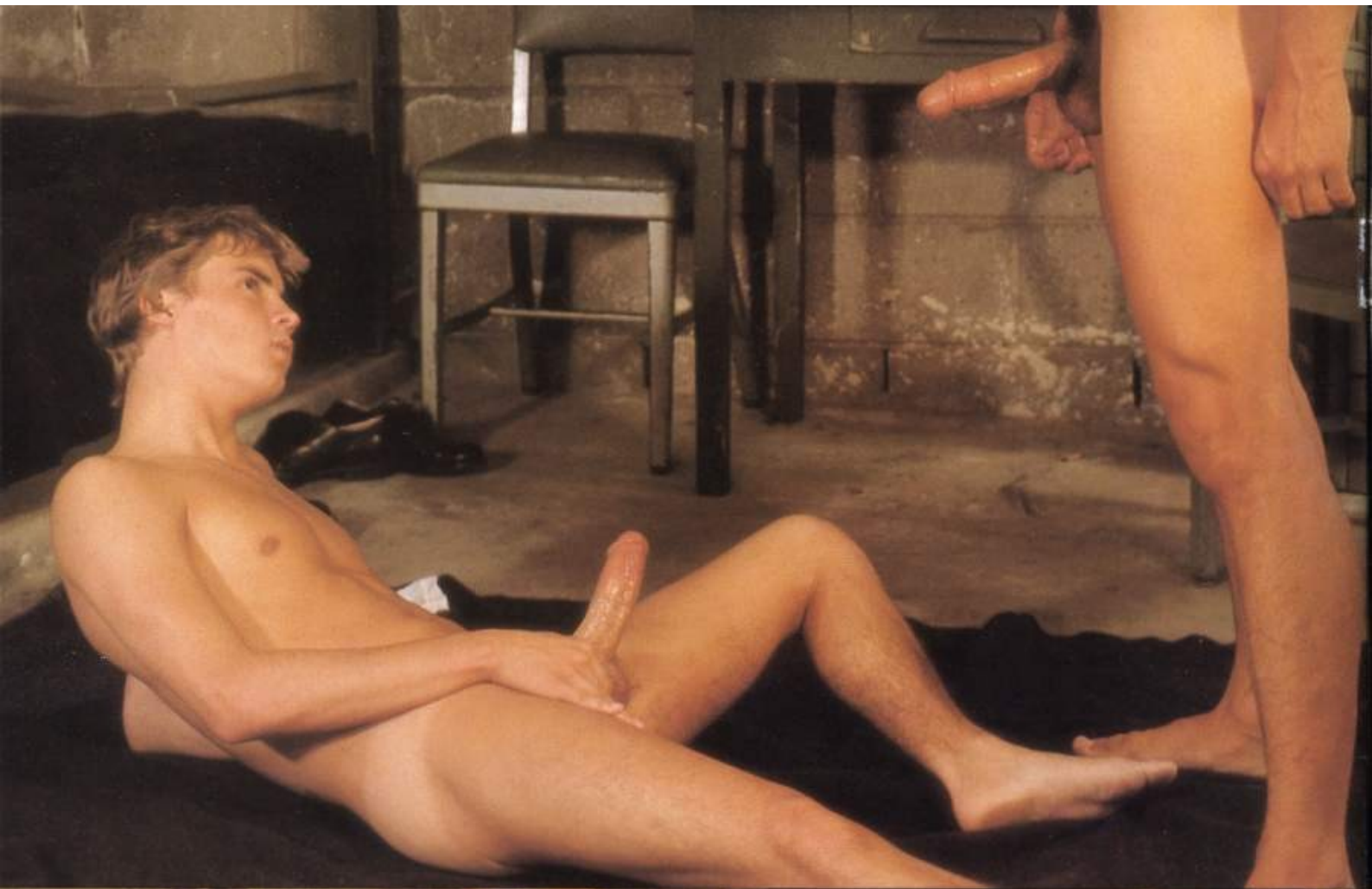










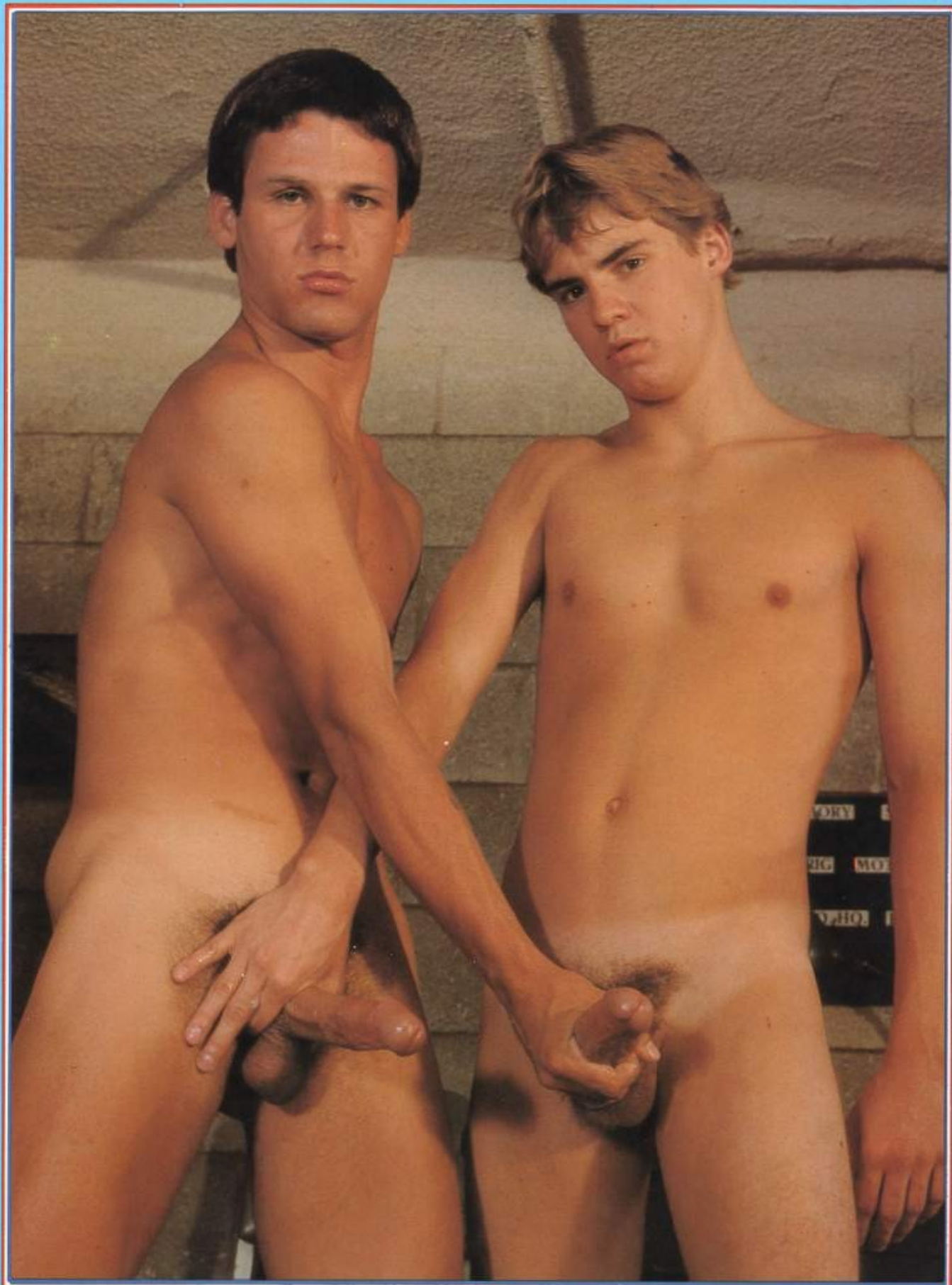












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